

**If you Wanna see a Miracle, Watch me get Down by**  
**Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

Hanzo and McCree are undercover in a bar, when they realize their targets are nowhere to be found.

It works out just fine, though, because Hanzo has other ideas of what he can do with McCree, a few drinks, and a place where nobody knows their names.

## **If you Wanna see a Miracle, Watch me get Down**

### **Author's Note:**

Title from "Getting Ready to Get Down" by Josh Ritter.

enjoy the sketchy bar beej thing I wrote! this is a great hobby.

McCree had never really liked being undercover. It made his itchy trigger finger that much itchier, and he weren't even allowed to have Peacekeeper on his person for this one. Prob'ly because his jeans were too damn tight to fit a gun that size in 'em without a lotta people asking if he was just happy to see them.

They were undercover in a bar. Well, a club. It was more of a club.

McCree didn't know why the hell they were doing this. At the very least, he didn't know why Morrison sent him and Hanzo, of all people. Lúcio would have made sense, hell, him and D.Va would blend right into this damn place. Of course, they were at the other location their drug traffickers were s'posed to be meeting up, some fancy hotel down the way. Which meant McCree and Hanzo were stuck looking like a couple'a old weirdos loitering in a club full of 20-somethings.

He was all decked out in black, 'cept for the boots. He wasn't gonna go anywhere without those, even though he'd left the spurs behind 'cause he wasn't trying to sever anyone's achilles' tendon. He had a glove over his prosthetic, but his other hand was bare. Gave him this kinda edgy, asymmetrical look. Least, that's what Mercy'd told him. He thought he looked damn stupid, dressed all in black like he was headed for a funeral.

Hanzo, though. He looked drop-dead gorgeous in a burgundy V-neck, the long sleeves rolled down to hide his tattoo. For someone who normally showed off half his chest and then some, Hanzo could pull off the unassuming look pretty damn well. Plus, he never wore anything that tight around his ass, and McCree was just a couple shots away from dragging him out onto the dance floor and grinding up on that. The only thing

recognizable about him was his prosthetics, noticeable only in the way they made the shape of his jeans fit him a little strangely at the knees. No one'd be staring at his knees, though, not when they had his face to look at, not when the fit of his shirt complimented the slim taper of his waist so well. And sure as hell not with that V-neck showing off just enough.

They'd entered the club separately, were supposed to meet up and disguise their partnership as a hookup. That one had been McCree's bright idea, except he was struck still right by the bar at the sight of Hanzo. *Goddamn*, he looked sexy, his hair down, a ball chain with a pendant McCree couldn't see dipping below his neckline. He had a drink tipped up to his full lips, and McCree was just about ready to replace that lucky martini glass with his own mouth.

He leaned over the bar and ordered a whisky, neat, something cheap and relatively strong, and knocked the whole damn thing back faster than he probably should have. Then, he approached Hanzo, but didn't slip one arm around his waist like he he wanted to. Instead, he nudged Hanzo with his shoulder and said, "hey," all smooth and quiet.

"Evening," Hanzo said.

"Wanna dance?"

Hanzo took another sip of his martini, and slid one hand into McCree's back pocket. "Not particularly." McCree followed Hanzo's eye line to the couple he was watching—a young girl with half her head shaved and a guy with a bun and a shirt that was missing sides.

McCree bent his head to Hanzo's ear, pressed a kiss to the shell of it. "Those our suspects?"

"Fits the description," Hanzo said. There was a lazy smile on his lips, a flush to his cheeks. Hanzo was either damn good at undercover work or genuinely enjoying the way McCree was nosing behind his ear. Or a little bit of both. "Can't tell if the girl has the tattoo we've been informed about, though."

“Alrighty then, sweetheart. Wanna get out there?”

“I’d like to finish my drink,” Hanzo said. He plucked the maraschino cherry out of his drink and held it out. “Would you like?”

“Sure thing.” McCree’s lips just barely touched Hanzo’s fingers as he took the fruit from his hand. “Y’know, I can tie a cherry stem in a knot with my tongue.”

“Why would you need to do that?” Hanzo asked. When he leaned in to kiss McCree’s cheek, his eyes were still focused on the couple.

“It’s a—you’ve never done that before?” McCree asked. “If you can tie a cherry stem in a knot with your tongue, it means you’re a good kisser.”

“I hardly think that’s a reasonable measure of one’s lovemaking skill.”

McCree handed over the cherry stem. “Try it,” he said, and Hanzo rolled his eyes. He took the cherry stem anyway, sticking his tongue out just a little when he put it in his mouth. McCree watched Hanzo’s jaw work for a second, Hanzo’s eyes still on the dance floor, imagining what Hanzo’s tongue must’ve been doing. He laid his hand on the small of Hanzo’s back, feeling the warmth of his skin through his shirt.

Hanzo reached a hand up to his mouth, dropped the cherry stem into McCree’s palm. It was tied with a perfect knot right in the center. Hot damn.

Someone was watching them, and it made McCree wanna tip the hat he wasn’t wearing. This is why you didn’t separate a man and his hat, it was like removing a level of privacy. McCree took stock of their observer—small woman, no weapons, ponytail—and deemed her not a threat. When Hanzo leaned into him again, she looked away. Oh. *Oh*. She hadn’t been trying to undermine their operation, she’d just been *checking him out*.

McCree didn’t normally get that kinda attention from people. It was usually a glance at his person, an, “oh shit, does he have a gun?” and then, it was all flight or fight. Even when he wasn’t doing anything in particular, he was

still wandering about with plenty of people knowing who he was and exactly how much some folks'd pay to have him dead.

Suffice it to say, he hadn't been on the other side of that kind of *appreciation* recently. Except from Hanzo, of course.

Hanzo closed his eyes, mumbled a soft, "hmm," then looked up at McCree. "Lúcio and D.Va have apparently apprehended the suspects."

"So these people...?" McCree gestured vaguely at the dance floor.

"Not who we're looking for," Hanzo said.

McCree groaned and tipped his head back. "Can't believe we actually came out here for them to do our job for us," he said, a little louder than he probably should've, but hey, the music was turned up loud enough to hide anything.

"We didn't know which location the targets would hit tonight," Hanzo reminded him.

"Yeah, but—" he gestured helplessly, then dropped his hands to his sides, shoving them in his pockets. "Still bullshit."

"I don't know about that," Hanzo said, "I got to enjoy a drink and your company."

Now he *really* wished he had his hat to tip. "Aww. Shucks, darlin'. Any more'n I'm gonna think you're goin' sweet on me."

Hanzo drained the rest of his drink. "That wouldn't be wrong."

"Shit," he said, drawing the word out. "You got me there, gorgeous."

"I've got you, all right."

McCree cracked a smile at that, signaled the bartender for another drink, which he downed just as fast as the first one. "Sure do." As he set his drink down on the counter, Hanzo wrapped an arm around him more tightly,

leaning his head on McCree's shoulder. He was probably tipsy, lightweight that he was, and the whole thing was downright cozy.

McCree had been expecting a little more flirting, maybe another drink or two, and then an early night back at the hotel. He was certainly *not* expecting Hanzo to pull him down for a kiss, right in front of everybody. Now, McCree'd never been shy about public displays of affection, but Hanzo sure as hell was—he wouldn't even hold McCree's hand under the table when they were at an Overwatch base. Here, though. Here, they were anonymous, and Hanzo was comfortable and tipsy and McCree could sink his hands into his hair while he kissed him. Hanzo tasted like gin, McCree tasted like whisky, and it was goddamn perfect.

Well, it was perfect 'til he heard a little noise from the communicator Hanzo had in his ear. McCree wasn't wearing one, because he had this habit of touching his ear whenever he spoke into it, which made him look suspicious as all hell.

Hanzo frowned. "Apparently," he said, "Morrison would like to know if he has to listen to us flirt the entire night. And Mei would like to know if we just kissed or if that was feedback."

"Turn that dang thing off," McCree said, and Hanzo turned so that McCree blocked anyone else's view of him removing his communicator and turning it off. He knew that for the most part, they'd only be able to hear what Hanzo was saying, and he wasn't quite as sappy with the flirty banter as McCree, but the sudden reminder of the fact that Jack fuckin' Morrison was listening to him go all gooey over his (boyfriend? lover?) partner was just... eugh.

Although. Maybe Morrison could learn a thing or two.

Hanzo tucked the communicator in his pocket and hugged McCree, leaning his head on McCree's shoulder. It was an oddly intimate act for this kind of setting, until Hanzo slid both his hands in McCree's back pockets. McCree grinned, and kissed the top of Hanzo's head.

"Wanna go home, darlin'?"

“And why would I want to do that?” Hanzo squeezed his ass, swaying gently in a way that would make McCree think he was drunk, except for the fact that it was in time to the music.

“Because,” McCree said, tipping his head down so that his lips were against Hanzo’s temple, “we go home and I can take you to bed, get us out of these clothes...” He took Hanzo’s chin between his thumb and forefinger, tilted his head to the side so he could get at his neck, nosing aside his hair so he could kiss him softly. “You smell nice, baby.”

He could feel Hanzo’s shoulders shake with laughter. “I think there is a reason dirty talk is not a major part of our relationship.”

McCree laughed, too, gave Hanzo another kiss, dragging his hands down Hanzo’s sides. “Oh yeah? Is it because it’d get you too damn hot if I told you how I wanna start things off slow, kiss you all over—” McCree started to move along to the music, too, put his hands on Hanzo’s hips and let himself grind just a little bit against Hanzo, “—then, I’d get your dick in my mouth, suck you off ’til you can’t hold on no more.”

Hanzo put his arms around McCree’s shoulders and pulled him into another kiss, but it wasn’t what he expected. Close-mouthed, like Hanzo was smiling, not hot and open and sexy. “How sweet, Jesse,” he said when he leaned back, “but I was thinking you could just do all that in the bathroom of this club instead.”

“Why the hell would—”

“Because,” Hanzo cut him off, “I cannot wait to get home. I need you. Now.”

This time, the kiss was exactly what McCree expected, Hanzo’s mouth opening into his, Hanzo’s tongue along his bottom lip. Hanzo had one hand on his shoulders still, the other on his lower back, his hips pressed firmly against McCree’s. It would’ve felt awkward, except that no one here knew who they were—in this club they were anonymous, just another drunk couple in the crowd making out. McCree pushed his organic hand into Hanzo’s hair, his other groping Hanzo’s ass.

Hanzo was flushed and honest-to-god *giggling* when McCree pulled back, and McCree bent to kiss his neck again, tugging his hair out of the way so he could get his lips on every inch of skin he could. He was about to slip a hand under Hanzo's shirt to feel up his back when Hanzo took a step back, grabbing McCree's hand. "Bathroom. Come on."

"Damn. Darlin', I thought you were a little too much of a neat freak to wanna get nasty in a club bathroom."

"You make me crazy," Hanzo said, pulling McCree in for another kiss before leading him across the club.

The bathroom was decent-sized, but McCree didn't get much of a look at it before Hanzo shoved him against the door, lips searing hot on McCree's neck. McCree thumbed the lock on the door shut, and Hanzo's teeth dug into his neck and *god*, he should *not* have been getting this hard in the middle of a club bathroom.

Hanzo grabbed him by the hips and McCree got his lips all up on Hanzo's chest, mouthing at his nipple through his shirt, his other hand squeezing Hanzo's tattooed pectoral. He felt the tang of metal under his lips when he kissed Hanzo's collarbone, over his necklace. Hanzo let out a strangled gasp, like his breath was clawing its way out his lungs but not quite succeeding, and when McCree glanced up at him, he noticed two things: one, his back was already sore from bending over to kiss Hanzo's chest (damn, he was gettin' old), and two, Hanzo looked about ready to jump his bones.

McCree grinned. Just how he liked things. "I'd fuck you right now, if I could," he said.

"As much as I want that," Hanzo said, yanking McCree's shirt up so he could get at his jeans, "I think it's a bit of a stretch, considering our... current situation."

"Prob'ly."



“But,” and here, he grinned wicked, sharper than one of his arrows, “after I make you come in my mouth, I’ll take you back to the hotel room, strip you down, and ride you for hours.”

“Goddamn, darlin’, best news I’ve heard all day.” McCree tried *hard* to keep things light, causal, but the way Hanzo was looking at him had him so hard the already too-tight jeans were a pain in more’n just his ass. When Hanzo traced his fingers over the noticeable bulge in McCree’s pants, he tipped his head back too fast and banged it on the door. Even McCree had no idea whether the quiet, “fuck!” was from that, or Hanzo’s fingers firmly tracing the outline of his cock where it was trapped against his thigh.

“You’re not wearing underwear, are you?” Hanzo said it like a simple observation, but McCree could see his breath coming faster in the rise and fall of his chest. He laid his hand on Hanzo’s shoulder, thumb rubbing his pulse, which was thumping away, fast and getting faster.

“Christ, you think I could fit boxers under these? Y’all’d better be impressed I fit my damn dick in ‘em.”

Hanzo was so close to rolling his eyes, McCree could tell. “What a tragedy it would have been for us all had you been unable.”

“Didn’t think you brought me in here to tease, sweet thing.”

“I didn’t,” Hanzo said, and there was the slightly-muffled sound of his prosthetics hitting the ground as he bent to his knees in front of McCree, looking up at him, and *oh*. It reminded McCree of their first time; they’d been kissing for hours and rubbing up against each other in a shady little hotel room, barely able to get in the front door because they were a little tipsy and a lot busy trying to fuck each others’ mouths. Hanzo had gone down on his knees and, without so much as a touch from him, McCree’d come right in his pants.

He held back this time, and Hanzo kissed his cock through his jeans, where he could barely feel it, the goddamn tease. Confounding, that man. Dragged a guy off like he couldn’t wait to get naked, then fiddled with the button on his jeans for what felt like ages.

“Want your mouth on me,” McCree said, “now. Please, darlin’, I need’ya so bad.”

Hanzo made this little half-moan, cut off in the back of his throat, and he undid McCree’s fly and dragged his jeans down around his thighs, one hand already on his cock while he was doing it. Those archer’s calluses were a *gift*, and McCree sighed at his touch. His soft, pleased noises turned into a sharp gasp and a moan when Hanzo got his mouth on him, sucking just under the head of his cock.

“Cover your mouth. I don’t want to be kicked out,” Hanzo said, and McCree obeyed, stuffing his gloved hand over his mouth, the other absently petting Hanzo’s hair while Hanzo went back to sloppily kissing the head of his cock.

It’d taken Hanzo a while to get used to this, after all, it wasn’t exactly something he’d had a whole lot of *experience* in, but now. Now his technique was pretty much flawless, and he had McCree making muffled noises against his glove within seconds. Hanzo didn’t have the whole deepthroating thing down, and McCree sure doubted he ever would, but it didn’t matter, ‘cause he was so fucking good at multi-tasking, one hand stroking McCree’s dick, the other tracing his thighs, moving between his legs to press gently on his perineum, all while his lips moved over McCree’s cock, taking him hot and fast.

It was too much, too fast, and Hanzo was so damn beautiful, and *shit*, he was gonna *come*, except that Hanzo pulled off him and stood, fast, like his prosthetic legs worked better than normal ones. His lips were wet.

McCree took a second to realize he still had his hand over his mouth. He removed it. “Somethin’ wrong, baby?”

“No,” Hanzo said, and McCree realized he was undoing his own jeans, but he hadn’t taken his eyes off McCree’s face. “I have simply decided I need you. Right now.”

Then, he was up on his toes, his cock pressed up against McCree’s, grabbing McCree’s hand and shoving it down so McCree got a handful of

Hanzo's perfect ass. Hanzo's fingers curled around McCree's dick and his both, and he rocked against McCree, the way eased a bit by the mess left over from the sloppy blowjob.

"Oh, *fuck me*, if that isn't the sexiest thing—"

"You said that last time," Hanzo reminded him, and it was a damn shame he couldn't be pressed all up against McCree, chest to chest, but McCree sure owed him some space to work. Those calluses. He shivered a little bit. "Sorry for the interruption to..." Hanzo cut himself off with a huff of a laugh.

"Darlin', if I cared, which I don't, everything you're doin' to me now more'n makes up for it." He kissed Hanzo on the side of his mouth.

"Good," Hanzo said, "I just. Needed to feel you. Your cock, against mine."

"*Fuck.*" Wasn't often he was reduced to a single word. Hanzo may have had him beat with the dirty talk.

It was almost easy to forget they were in a badly lit club restroom, 'specially when the space McCree's brain was occupying was reduced to the space between his body and Hanzo's, the place both of them were breathing into. He came between his belly and Hanzo's with a quiet, "*oh, baby,*" making a mess that was gonna show up under the blacklights later.

"Kiss me," Hanzo said, and it wasn't a request.

McCree brought both hands up, cupping the sides of Hanzo's face, and kissed him hard enough to knock him back a couple steps. He barely registered the rush of Hanzo coming between them, but he did feel Hanzo's hands grabbing his shirt, pulling him closer like he had a bone to pick with any space between them. He backed up all the way 'til they were pressed against the other wall, covered in graffiti half in languages McCree couldn't even read.

"Oh god," McCree said quietly, barely audible over the music that was pumping in from the rest of the bar. "*Fuck.* I wanna do that all over again."

Hanzo gave him a very self-satisfied smile and McCree probably shouldn't've even been surprised when his tongue dipped out to lick the curve of his bottom lip. "Let's go home, then."

They cleaned up with a stack of paper towels, but the both of 'em still looked like they'd just gotten nasty in the restroom, and McCree gave up trying to hide it at all, grinning wildly, an arm around Hanzo, who was rolling his eyes and probably calling McCree a show-off under his breath.

"Course I'm a show-off," McCree said, "got you to show off, don't I?"

Hanzo was probably rolling his eyes, but McCree couldn't see his face. He tugged McCree toward the door, and McCree gave Hanzo one more searing kiss before they stumbled into the neon-lit street and the chilly midnight air.

And see, there was no one Jesse McCree would rather be kissing on a street corner.

**Author's Note:**

Visit me on tumblr @luddlestons, or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula to yell with me more about how much these boys should touch butts.